

A
Most pleasant

Comedie of *Mucedorus*
the Kings sonne of *Valentia*,
and *Amadine* the Kinges
daughter of *Arragon*,
with the merrie
conceites of
Mouſe.

Newly ſet forth, as it hath bin
ſundry times playde in the
honorabſe Cittie of
London .

Very delectable, and full
of mirth.

LONDON,
Printed for *William Iones*,
dwelling neare Holborne
Conduit, at the ſigne
of the Gunne.
1606.

Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom of the page.

Eight persons may easely play it.

The King, and Rombelo, } for one.

*Mucedorus the Prince of
Valentia,* } for one.

*Amadine the Kings daughter
of Arragen,* } for one.

Segasto a Noble man, } for one.

*Ennie, Tremelio a Captaine,
Brenno a Wilde man,* } for one.

*Comedie, a Boy, an old Wo-
man, Aricna Amadines
mayde,* } for one.

Collen a Counseller, a Messenger, } for one.

Moufe the Clowne, } for one.





A most pleasant Comedie

of *Mucedorus* the Kings sonne of Lalentia,
and *Amadine* the Kings daughter
of Arragon.

*Enter Comedie ioyfull, With a Garland of
Bayes on her head.*



Hy so; thus doe I hope to please:
Musicke reuiues, and Mirth is tollerable.
Comedie play thy part, and please: (thee,
Make merrie them that comes to ioy with
Ioy then good Gentles, I hope to make
you laugh.

Sound forth *Bellonas* siluer tuned strings,
Time fitts vs well, the day and place is ours,

*Enter Ennie, his armes naked besmearde
with blood.*

Ennie. Nay stay minion, there lies a blocke;
What, all on Mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your Musicke with a tragicke end.

Com. What monstrous vglie Hagge is this,
That dares controule the pleasures of our will?
Vount churlish curre, besmeard with goarie blood,
That seemst to checke the blossoms of delight,
And stifle the sound of sweete *Bellonas* breath,

A 2,

Blush

The Comedie

Blush monster, blush, and post away with shame,
That seekest disturbance of a goddesse deedes.

En. Post hence thy selfe, thou counterchecking trull,
I will possesse this habite spight of thee,
And gaine the glory of thy wished port:
He thunder musicke shall appale the Nymphes,
And make them shiuer their clattering strings,
Flying for succour to their Danish caues,

Sound Drummes within, and cry stab, stab.

Hearken, thou shalt heare a noyse
Shall fill the ayre with a shrilling sound,
And thunder Musicke to the Gods aboue:
Mars shall himselfe breath downe
A peerelesse Crowne vpon braue *Ennies* head,
And rayse his chiuall with a lasting fame:
In this braue Musicke *Ennie* takes delight,
Where I may see them wallowe in their blood,
To spurne at armes and legges quite shiuered off,
And heare the cries of many thousand slaine:
How likst thou this my trull, thi's sport alone for me?

Co. Vaunt bloody curre, nurst vp with Tygers sap,
That so dost seeke to quaile a womans minde,
Comedie is milde, gentle, willing for to please,
And seekes to gaine the loue of all estates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth things with treble ioy to passe:
Thou bloody, enuious disdainer of mens ioy,
Whose name is fraught with bloody stratagems,
Delights in nothing but in spoile and death,
Where thou maist trample in their luke warme blood,
And graspe their hearts within thy cursed pawes:

Yet

Of Mucedorus.

Yet vaile thy minde, reuenge thou not on me,
A silly woman begges it at thy hands :
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play,
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mixe not Death mongst pleasing Comedies,
That treats naught else but pleasure and delight,
If any sparke of humaine restes in thee
Forbeare, be gone, tender the suite of mee.

En. Why so I will, forbearance shall be such,
As treble death shall crosse thee with despight,
And make thee mourne where most thou ioyest,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole:
Whirling thy pleasures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a sea of blood :
This will I doe ; thus shall I beare with thee :
And more, to vex thee with a deeper spight,
I will with threats of blood begin thy Play,
Fauouring thee with Enuie and with Hate.

Com. Then vgly Monster, doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou thinkst with tragicke fumes
To braue my play vnto my deepe disgrace,
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst do :
He grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse,
From Tragicke stufte, to be a pleasant Comedy.

En. Why then Comedy send thy Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first steps of their trade,
Making them feare the verie dart of Death.

Com. And He defend them mauer all thy spite :
So vgly Fiend farewell, till time shall serue,
That we may meete to parle for the best.

En. Content Comedie, He go spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious tree,

The Carved

Shall prooue two monsters, spoiling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

*Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him,
being pursued with a Beare.*

Seg. Oh flie Madam, flie, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Helpe Segasto, help, help sweet Segasto, or els I die.

Segasto runnes away.

Seg. Alas Madam, there is no way but flight,
Then hast and saue your selfe.

Ama. Why then I die; ah helpe me in distresse.

*Enter Mucedorus like a Shepheard with a sword
drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.*

Mu. Stay Ladie stay, and be no more dismaide,
That cruell Beast most mercilesse and fell,
Which hath bereaued thousands of their liues:
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his pray,
Prolonging thus his life by others death,
His carcasle now lies headlesse voyd of breath.

Ama. That fowle deformed monster, is he dead?

Muc. Assure your selfe thereof, behold his head:

Which if it please you Ladie, to accept,
With willing hart I yeeld it to your Maieslie.

Am. Thanks worthy Shepheard, thanks a thousand times
This gift assure thy selfe, contents me more
Then greatest bountie of a mightie Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Mu. Most gracious Goddesse, more then mortal wight
Your heavenly hew of right imports no lesse:
Most glad am I, in that it was my chaunce,

To

To vndertake this enterprife in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your Princelie minde.

Ama. No Goddesse Shepheard, but a mortall wight;
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest;
My Father heere is King of Arragon,
I *Amadine* his onely Daughter am;
And after him, sole heire vnto the Crowne;
Now whereas it is my Fathers will
To marrie mee vnto *Segasto*,
On whose wealth, through Fathers former vsurie,
Is knowne to be no lesse then wonderfull;
Wee both of custome oftentimes did vse
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fieldes
For recreation, especially the Spring,

In that it yeeldes great store of rare delights;
And passing further then our wonted walkes,
Scarce were entred within these lucklesse Woods,
But right before vs downe a steepe-fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hit him fast
To meete vs both; I faine to tell the rest,
Good Shepheard, but suppose the gastly looks,
The hidious feares, the thousand hundred woes,
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustaine.

Mu. Yet worthie Princess, let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former ioyes reuiue.

Ama. Beleeue mee Shepheard, so it doth no lesse.

Mu. Long may they last vnto your harts content,
But tell mee Ladie, What is become of him;
Segasto cald? What is become of him?

Ama. I knowe not I; that knowe the powers diuine,
But God graunt this, that sweete *Segasto* liue.

Mu. Yet hard harted hee, in such a case,
So cowardly to saue himselfe by flight;

The Comedie

And leaue so braue a Princeſſe to the ſpoyle.

Ana. Well Shepheard, for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe, to ſet mee free,
Vnrecompens'd ſure thou ſhalt not bee:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainly knowne:
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne, and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous Beaſt,
In open fight, to euery Courties view;
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come lets away, and guard me to the Court.

Mu. With all my hart.

Exeunt.

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Seg. When heapes of harmes do houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And ſo enſuing harmes to chooſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe is that wretches channce,
Lucleſſe his lot, and Caytiſe like accuſt,
At whole proceedings Fortune euer frownes,
My ſelfe I meane, moſt ſubieſt vnto thrall:
For I, the more I ſecke to ſhunne the worſt,
The more by proeſſe I finde my ſelfe accuſt,
Ere-whiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare,
Faſt *Anadine* in companie all alone,
Foorthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leauing my *Anadine* vnto her ſiſter,
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe, of *Anadine* harmes to heare:
Accuſed I, in ſinring life thus long,
In liuing thus each minute of an houer,
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thouſand deaths:

If

of *Mucedorus*.

If she by flight her furie dog escape,
V What will shee thinke?

V Vlll shee not say, yea flar to my face,

Accusing mee of meere disloyaltie:

A trustie friend is tride in time of need?

But I, when shee in danger was of death,

And needed mee, and cryed, *Sega* helpe:

I turnd my backe and quickly ranne away,

Vnworthie I to beare this vitall breath:

But what, what needes these plaintes?

It *Amadine* doe liue, then happie I,

Shee will in time forgine, and so forget:

Amadine is mercifull, not *Iuno* like,

In harmefull heart to harbour hatred long.

Enter Monse the Clowne running, crying Clubs.

Monse. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforkes, Billes: Oh helpe,

A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing else but Beares?

Tell me sirra, where shee is?

Clo. O sir shee is runne downe the Woodes,

I see her white head and her white belly.

Se. Thou talkest of wonders, to tell me of white Beares.

But sirra, didst thou ever see any such?

Clo. No sayth I neuer saw any such:

But I remember my fathers wordes,

He bad me take heed I was not caught with a white beare.

Seg. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clo. I tell you what sir, as I was going a fiede to serue

my fathers great Huttie, and carrie a houle of Hay vpon

my head: now doe you see sir, I left thudwink, that I

coulede see nothing, petecining the Beare comming, I

B. threw

The Comedie

threw my Hay into the hedge, and ran away.

Seg. What, from nothing?

Clo. I warrant you yes, I saw something : for there was two loades of Thornes, besides my bottle of Hay, and that made three.

Seg. But tell mee firra, the Beare that thou didst see, Did the not beare a Bucket on her arme?

Clo. Ha, ha, ha; I neuer saw Beare goe a milking in all my life.

But harke you fir, I did not looke so high as her armes : I saw nothing but her white head, and her white bellie.

Seg. But tell mee firra, Where dost thou dwell?

Clo. Why, do you not know mee?

Seg. Why no, How should I know thee?

Clo. Why then you know no body, and you know not mee : I tell you fir, I am the good-man Ratts sonne of the next parish ouer the hill.

Seg. Good-man Ratts sonne, Why what's thy name?

Clo. Why I am a verie neere kin vnto him.

Seg. I thinke so, but what's thy name?

Clo. My name : I haue a very prettie name : Ile tell you what my name is : my name is *Monsie*.

Seg. What plaine *Monsie*?

Clo. I, plaine *Monsie* without either welt or gard, But do you heare fir, I am but a very young *Monsie*, For my tayle is scarce growne out yet ; looke you here els,

Seg. But I pray thee, Who gaue thee that name?

Clo. Faith fir I know not that ; but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horse, for he hath been halfe a yeeer longer with my father then I haue.

Se. This seemes to be a merrie fellow,
I care not if I take him home with mee,
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde,

of Mucedorus.

A merrie man a merrie Maister makes.

How laist thou sirra, wilt thou dwell with mee?

Col. Nay sett sir, two wordes to a bargain: pray you what occupation are you?

Seg. No occupation, I liue vpon my lands.

Col. Your lands? away, you are no Master for mee: why doe you thinke that I am so madd to goe seeke my liuing in the lands amongst the Stones, Briars, and Bushes, and teare my Holy day apparrell: not I by your leaue.

Seg. Why, I do not meane thou shalt.

Col. How then?

Seg. Why thou shalt be my man, and waight vpon me at the Court.

Col. Whats that?

Seg. Where the King lies.

Col. Whats that same King, a man or a woman?

Seg. A man as thou art.

Col. As I am; harke you sir, pray you what kin is he to goodman King of our parish the Churchwarden?

Seg. No kin to him, hee is the King of the whole land.

Col. King of the land, I neuer see him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with mee, thou shalt see him euerie day.

Col. Shall I go home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares? no nor I; I will go home and put on a cleane shirt, and then go drowne my selfe.

Seg. Thou shalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with mee, thou shalt want nothing.

Col. Shal I not? then here's my hand, Ile dwell with you: and harke you Sir; now you haue entertained mee, I will tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from picking and stealing, and my handes from lying and Baundering, I warrant you, as well as euer you had man

The Comedie

in all your life.

Seg. Now will I court with sorrowfull heart rounded
with doubts, if *Amadine* doe liue, then happie I: yea happie
I, if *Amadine* do liue.

*Enter the King with a young Prince prisoner, Amadine,
Tremelio, with Collet and Counsellors.*

King. Now braue Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our Foes the foyle, and we in safetie rest,
It vs behooues to vse such clemencie in peace,
As valour in the warre:
It is as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As to be conquerers in the field:
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and your countries safegard,
Wee are dispos'd in marriage for to giue
Our Daughter to Lord *Segasto* here,
Who shall succede the Diadem after mee:
And raigie hereafter as I tofore haue done,
Your sole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What say you Lordings, like you of my aduice?

Col. An't please your Maiestie, we do not onely oallow
of your highnesse pleasure, but also vow faithfully in what
we may to further it.

King. Thankes good my Lords, if long *Adroftus* liue,
Hee will at full requite your curtesies.

Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take vnto thee the *Catalane*, a Prince

Lately our prisoner, taken in the warres:

Be thou his keeper, his ranfome shall be thine,

Wee'le thinke of it when leasure shall afford:

Meane while do vse him well, his father is a King.

Tr.

Of Mucedorus.

Tre. Thanks to your Maiestie, his vsage shall be such
As he thereat shall thinke no cause to grutch. *Exeunt.*

King. Then march we on to Court, and rest our wearied limmes,

But *Collin*, I haue a tale in secret kept for thee :

When thou shalt heare a watchword from thy King,

Thinke then some waightie matter is at hand,

That highly shall concerne our state:

Then *Collin* looke thou be not farre from meet:

And for the seruice thou tofore hast done,

Thy truth and valour proou'd in every poynt,

I shall with bounties thee enlarge therefore:

So guard vs to the Court.

Col. What so my Soueraigne doth commaund me do,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clovns with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirra, how do you like your weapons?

Cl. O very well, very well; they keepe my sides warme.

Seg. They keepe the Dogs from your shins very well,
doe they not?

Cl. How? keepe the Dogges from my shins? I would
scorne but my shins could keepe the Dogs from them.

Seg. Well sirra, leauing idle talke: tell mee,

Dost thou know Captaine *Trimelious* chamber?

Cl. I verie well, it hath a doore.

Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euerie chamber:

But dost thou know the man?

Cl. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face.

Seg. Why so hath euerie one.

Cl. Thats more then I know.

Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was
heere with the King euen now, that brought the young

The Comedie

Prince prisoner.

Clo. O verie well.

Seg. Go vnto him, and bid him come vnto mee:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him,

Clo. I will Maister: Maister, whats his name?

Seg. Why, *Captaine Tremelio.*

Clo. O the Meale-man, I know him very well,
He brings Meale euery Saterdag: but harke you Maister,
Must I bid him come to you, or must you come to him?

Seg. No sir, he must come to mee.

Clo. Harke you Maister, how if he be not at home,
What shall I do then?

Seg. Why then leaue word with some of his folkes,

Clo. Oh Maister, if there be no body within,

I will leaue word with his Dogge.

Seg. Why can his Dogge speake?

Clo. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keepe his Cham-
ber else?

Seg. To keepe out such knaues as thou art,

Clo. Nay by Ladie, then goe your selfe.

Seg. You will goe sir, will you not?

Clo. Yes marie will I: O tis come to my head,
And a be not within Ile bring his Chamber to you.

Seg. What wilt thou plucke downe, the Kings house?

Clo. Nay by Ladie, Ile know the price of it first,
Maister, it is such a hard name, I haue forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name?

Seg. I tell thee. *Captaine Tremelio.*

Clo. Oh Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now sirra, dost thou call mee? (knaue.

Clo. You must come to my Maister. Captaine treble

Tw.

Of Mucedorus.

Tro. My Lord *Segasto*, did you send for mee?

Seg. I did *Tremelo*: Sirra about your businesse.

Clo. I marie, Whats that can you tell?

Seg. No not well.

Clo. Marie then I can; straight to the Kitchen dresser to *Iohn* the Cooke, & get mee a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Butterie hatch to *Thomas* the But-ler for a Jacke of Beere, and there for an houre Ile be la-bour my selfe: therefore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maister. *Exit.*

Seg. Well sir, away.

Tremelo this it is, thou knowest the valour of *Segasto*,

Spread through all the kingdome of *Arragon*,

And such as haue found triumph and fauours;

Neuer daunted at any time: but now a Shepheard,

Admired at in Court for worthines,

And *Segastus* honour layde aside:

My will therfore is this, that thou dost finde some meenes to worke the Shepherdes death: I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and thy loue no other-wise then to reuenge my iniuries.

Tro. It is not the frownes of a Shepheard that *Tremo*-
lo feares;

Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand,

Seg. Thankes good *Tremelo*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that will I performe.

Tro. Thankes my good Lord: and in good time,
See where he commeth; stand by a while,
And you shall see mee put in practise your intended
driftes,
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

E. 4.

Enter

The Comedie

Enter Mucedorus.

Mu. Vild coward, so without cause to strike a man;
Turne coward turne : now strike and do thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Seg. Hold Shepheard hold, spare him, kill him not.
Accursed villaine, tell mee, What hast thou done?
Ah *Tremelio*, trustie *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou liuing didst prooue faythfull to
Segasto, so *Segasto* now liuing, shall honour the dead
Corpes of *Tremelio* with reuenge.

Blood thirstie villaine, borne & bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell mee, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vside according to the law.

Mu. *Segasto* cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse not mee of murder, that haue done no thing
but in mine owne defence.

Seg. Nay Shepheard reason not with mee,
He manifest thy fact vnto the King :
Whose doome wil be thy death, as thou deseru'st.
What hoe, *Moufe*, come away.

Clo. Why how now, what's the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Seg. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clo. Why is he drunke? cannot he stand on his feete?

Seg. No, he is not drunke; he is flaine.

Clo. Flaine? no by Ladie he is not flaine.

Seg. Hee's kild I tell thee.

Clo. What, do you vse to kill your friends?
It will serue you no longer.

Seg. I

of *Mucedorus*.

Seg. I tell thee, the Shepheard kild him.

Clo. O did a so : but Maister, I will haue all his appa-
rell if I carrie him away.

Seg. Why so thou shalt.

Clo. Come then, I wil helpe : mas maister I thinke his
mother sung Looby to him he is so heauic. *Exeunt.*

Muc. Behold the fickle state of man, alwayes mutable,
neuer at one,

Sometimes wee feed on fancies with the sweete of our de-
sires :

Sometimes againe, wee feele the heate of extreame my-
series,

Now am I in fauour about the Court and Countrie :

To morrow those fauours will turne to frownes,

To day I liue reuenged on my foe,

To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on mee.

Exit.

Enter Bremo a wild man.

Bre. No passenger this morning? What not one?

A chaunce that seldome doth befall.

What not one? then lie thou there,

And rest thy selfe till I haue further need :

Now *Bremo*, fish thy leasure so affords,

An endles thing, who knowes not *Bremoes* strength?

Who like a King Commaunder within these woodes,

The Bear, the Boare, dares not abide my sight,

But hastes away to saue themselues by flight :

The christall Waters in the bubling Brookes,

When I come by, doth swiftly slide away,

And claps themselues in closets vnder banckes,

Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face :

The aged Okes at *Bremoes* breath doth bow,

And all chinges els are still at my commaund.

C.

El

The Comedie

Els what would I?
Rent them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way els I would reuenge my selfe,
Why who comes heere with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me, & doth not die the death? not one?
What fauour shewes this sturdie stick to those
That here within these woods are combataines with me?
Why death, and nothing els but present death,
With restless rage I wander through these woods,
No creature heere but feareth *Bremos* force:
Man, Woman, Child, Beast, and Bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my sight
Are forst to fall, if *Bremo* once but frowne,
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyle,
For heere I see, this day it will not bee:
But when it fall, that I incounter any,
One patt suffizeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will serue when wee shall better speed.

Exit.

*Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepheard,
and the Clowne, with others.*

King. Shepheard, thou hast heard thine accusers,
Murther is laide to thy charge:

What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

Muc. Dread Soueraigne, I must needes confesse
I slew this Captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice, but by chaunce:

But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Seg. Wordes will not heere preuaile,

I seeke for iustice; and iustice craues his death.

King. Shepheard, thine owne confession hath condemned thee.

Sirra,

of Mucedorus.

Sirra, take him away, & do him to execution straight.

Clo. So he shall I warrant him :

But do you heare maister King, he is kin to a Monkie,
His necke is bigger then his head.

Seg. Come sirra, away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clo. Yes forsooth, I warrant you, come on fir:
A so like a Sheepe-biter a lookes,

Enter Amadine and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and welbeloued fire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shep-
heard, which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime
distressed daughter.

Kin. Preferu'd the life of my sometime distressed daugh-
How can that be? I neuer knew the time (ter,
Wherein thou wast distressed: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate
As best becomed the daughter of a King:
I neuer saw the Shepheard vntill now:
How comes it then, that he preferude thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woodes,
Further then our accustomed maner was,
Right before vs downe a steepe fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast
To meete vs both: now whether this be true,
I referre it to the credite of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true, an't like your Maiestie.

Kin. How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his pray,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:

The Comedie

The fight whereof did make vs both to dread:
But specially your Daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour incident,
But in *Segastoes* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie,
Left me distressed, to be deuoured of him.
How say you *Segasto*? is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: What then?

Ama. Then I amazde, distressed all alone,
Did hee mee fast to scape that vgly Beare:
But all in vaine, for why he reached after mee,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes:
Till at the length this Shepheard came,
And brought to mee his head.

Come hither Boy: loe heere it is, which I present vnto
your Maiestie.

Kin. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame,

Seg. The slaughter of a man deserues great blame.

Kin. Indeed occasion oftentimes so falles out.

Seg. *Tremelio* in the wars (O King) preserued thee,

Ama. The shepheard in the woods (ô king) preserued me.

Seg. *Tremelio* fought when many men did yeeld,

Ama. So would the Shepheard had he bin in field.

Clo. So would my Maister, had he not run away.

Seg. *Tremelios* force saued thousands from the foe.

Ama. The Shepherdes force haue saued thousandes
more.

Col. A ye shipstickes, nothing else.

Kin. *Segasto* cease to accuse the Shepheard,

His worthinesse deserues a recompence:

All wee are bound to do the Shepheard good:

Shepheard, whereas it was my sentence thou shouldst die,

So shall my sentence stand, for thou shalt die.

Seg.

Of Mucedorus.

Seg. Thankes to your Maiestie.

King. But soft *Segasto*, not for this offence:

Long myest thou live, and when the sisters shall decree

To cut in twaine the twisted threed of life,

Then let him die: for this, I set thee free,

And for thy valoure I will honour thee,

Muc. Thankes to your Maiestie.

King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the
worthy valour of the Shepheard with our rewards. *Exeunt.*

Clo. O Maister, heare you; you haue made a fresh hand
now, you would bestow you: What will you doe now?
you haue lost mee a good occupation by the meanes:
Fayth Maister, now I cannot hang the Shepheard,
I pray you let me take the paines to hang you
It is but halfe an houres exercise.

Seg. You are still in your knauerie:
But sith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his banishment for euer:
Come on sirra,

Clo. Yes forsooth I come! laugh at him I pray you.

Exeunt.

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. From *Amadine* and from her fathers Court,
With gold and siluer, and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the bankes of golden treasures:
More may I boast and say, but I
Was neuer Shepheard in such dignitie.

Enter the Messenger and the Clowne.

Mes. All hayle worthie Shepheard,

Clo. All raine lowfie Shepheard,

Mu. Wel-com my friends: from whence come you?

Mes. The King and *Amadine* greete thee well,

The Comedie

And after greetings done, bids thee depart the Court,
Shepherd be gone,

Clo. Shepherd take law-legs, flie away Shepherd.

Mu. Whose words are these? came these from *Amadine*?

Mess. Aie from *Amadine*.

Clo. Aie from *Amladine*.

Muc. Ah luckles fortune, worse then *Phaetons* tale,
My former blisse is now become my bale,

Clo. What wilt thou poyson thy selfe?

Muc. My former heaven is now become my hell.

Clo. The worst Ale-house that euer I came in, in all
my life,

Mu. VVhat shall I doe?

Clo. Euen goe hang thy selfe halfe an houre,

Mu. Can *Amadine* so churlishly commaund
To banish the Shepherd from her Fathers court?

Mess. VVhat should Shepherds do in the court?

Clo. VVhat should Shepherds do amongst vs?

Haue we not Lords enough on vs in the court?

Mu. Why Shepherds are men, & Kings are no more.

Mess. Shepherds are men, & masters ouer their flocke.

Clo. Thats a lie, who payes them their wages then?

Mess. VVell, you are alwayes interrupting of mee,
But you were best looke to him, least you hang for him,
when he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clovne sings.

Clo. And you shall hang for companie,
For leauing me alone,
Shepherd stand forth and heare my sentence,
Shepherd be gone within three dayes in paine of
My displeasure: Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone,
Be gone, be gon, begon Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd,
Mu.

Of Mucedoras.

Mu. And must I goe? and must I needes depart?
Yee goodly Groues, pertakers of my songes,
In time tofore when Fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints, and waile a while with mee;
And thou bright Sunne my comfort in the cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue mee comfortlesse.
Yee holsome Hearbes, and sweete smelling saoures,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your ayde, in wofull sort may die,

Enter Amadine, and Ariena her mayde.

Ama. *Ariena* if any body aske for mee,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. VVhat and *Segasso* call?

Am. Do thou the like to him, I meane not to stay long.

Muc. This voyce so sweete my pining spirits reuiues.

Ama. Shepheard well met, tell me how thou dost?

Mu. I linger life, yet with for speedie death.

Ama. Shepheard although thy banishment alreadie
Be decreed, and all against thy will, yet *Amadine*

Mu. Ah *Amadine*, to heare of banishment, is death;
I, double death to mee: but since I must depart, one thing
I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my hart,

Mu. That in absence, either farre or neere,
You honour mee as Seruant with your name.

Ama. Not so.

Mu. And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my hart.

Mu. A Shepheard and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Ama.

The Comedie

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muc. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepheard, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banishment.

Muc. Vnworthy wights are more in ielofie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment, or likewise banish mee.

Muc. Amen say I, to haue your companie:

Am. Wel Shepheard, sith thou suffrest this for my sake,
With thee in exile also let mee liue:

On this condition Shepheard, thou canst loue.

Muc. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama. Of late I loued one in deed; now loue I none but onely thee.

Muc. Thankes worthy Princeesse: I burne likewise,
Yet smother vp the blast:

I dare not promise what I may performe.

Ama. Well Shepheard, harke what I shall say,
I will returne vnto my fathers Court,

There for to provide me of such necessities

As for my iourney I shall thinke most fit:

This being done, I will returne to thee:

Doe thou therefore appoynt the place

Where wee may meete.

Muc. Downe in the valley, where I slew the Beare,

And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech,

That ouershades a Well; so who comes first,

Let them abide the happie meeting of vs both.

How like you this?

Ama. I like it very well.

Muc. Now if you please, you may appoynt the time.

Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing, I will returne.

Muc.

of *Mucedorus*.

Muc. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian
Queene, the like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.

Am. Then *Mucedorus*, for three howers farewell. *Exit.*

Muc. Your departure Lady, breedes a priuie paine.
Exit.

Enter Segasto solus.

Seg. Tis well *Segasto*, that thou hast thy will,
Should such a Shepheard, such a simple Swaine as hee,
Eclipse thy credite, famous through the Court?
No, plie *Segasto* plie, let it not in *Arragon* be said,
A Shepheard hath *Segasto*es honour wonne.

Enter Mause the Clowne, calling his maister.

Clo. What hoe Maister, will you come away?

Seg. Wil you come hither I pray you? whats the matter

Clo. Why is it not past a leauen a clocke?

Seg. How then sir?

Clo. I pray you come away to dinner,

Seg. I pray you come hither.

Clo. Heer's such a doe with you, will you neuer come?

Seg. I pray you sir, what newes of the message I sent
you about?

Clo. I tell you all the messes be on the table already,
There wants not so much as a melle of Mustard halfe an
hower agoe.

Seg. Come sir, your minde is all vpon your belly.
You haue forgotten what I did bid you doe.

Clo. Faith I know nothing, but you bade mee goe to
breakefast.

Seg. VVas that all?

Clo. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very sent of the meate
made me hath forgot it quite.

Seg. You haue forgotten the arrand I bid you doe.

Clo. What arrant? an arrant knaue, or an arrant whore?

D.

Seg.

The Comedie

Seg. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee banish the Shepheard?

Clo. O, the Shepheards bastard.

Seg. I tell thee the Shepheards banishment.

Clo. I tell you the Shepheardes Bastarde shall be well kept, He looke to it my selfe : but I pray you come away to dinner.

Seg. Then you will not tell me whether you haue banished him or no?

Clo. Why I can not say banishment, and you would giue mee a thousand pounds to say so.

Seg. Why you horson slaue, haue you forgotten that I sent you, and another, to driue away the Shepheard.

Clo. What an asse are you, heer's a stirre in deed ; heer's message, arrant, banishment, and I cannot tell what.

Seg. I pray you sir, shall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clo. Faith I thinke I haue : and you will not belecue mee, aske my Staffe.

Seg. Why? can thy Staffe tell?

Clo. Why? he was with mee too.

Seg. Then happie I, that haue obtaind my will.

Clo. And happier I, if you would go to dinner.

Seg. Come sirra, follow mee.

Clo. I warrant you I will not loose an inch of you, now you are going to dinner : I promise you I thought seauen yeare before I could get him away. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amadine solus.

Ama. God graunt my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarrying frustrate my pretence :
My *Mucedorus* surely staves for mee,
And thinkes mee ouer-long, at length I come,

My

of *Mucedorus*.

My present promise to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue,
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My Father he may make, but I must match:
Segasto loues, but *Amadine* must like
Where likes her best: compulsion is a thrall:
No, no, the hartie choyce, is all in all,
The Shepheards Vertue *Amadine* esteemes,
But what, mee thinkes my Shepheard is not come:
I muse at that, the hower is at hand:
Wel, here Ile rest till *Mucedorus* come, *She sits her downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about, hastily takes hold of her.

Bre. A happie pray, now *Bremo* feed on flesh,
Dainties *Bremo* dainties, thy hungrie panch to fill,
Now glut thy greedie guts with luke-warme blood:
Come fight with mee, I long to see thee dead.

Ama. How can she fight that weapons cannot weeld?

Bre. What, canst not fight? then lie thou downe & die.

Ama. VVhat, must I die?

Bre. What needs these words, I thirst to suck thy blood.

Ama. Yet pittie mee, and let mee liue awhile,

Bre. No pittie I, Ile feed vpon thy flesh,

Ile teare thy bodie peecemeale ioynt from ioynt,

Ama. Ah how I want my Shepheards companie.

Bre. He crush thy boones betwixt two Oken trees.

Ama. Hast Shepheard hast, or els thou com'st too late.

Bre. Ile sucke the sweetnes from thy mary-bones,

Ama. Ah spare, ah spare to shed my guiltlesse blood.

Bre. With this my Bat, will I beat out thy braines,
Downe, downe I say, prostrat thy selfe vpon the ground.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell.

D 2.

Yea

The Comedie

Yea farewell life, and welcome present death,

Shee kneeles.

To thee O God I yeeld my dying Ghost.

Bre. Now *Bremo*, play thy part,

How now? what sudden chaunce is this?

My limmes do treimble, and my sinewes shake:

My vnweakned armes hath lost their former force:

Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foyle hast thou,

That yet at no time euer wast afraide

To dare the greatest Gods to fight with thee? *He strikes.*

And now wants strength for one downe driuing blow,

Ah, how my courage fayles when I should strike;

Some new-come spirit abiding in my breast:

Shall I spare her *Bremo*? spare her, do not kill:

Saith spare her, which neuer spared any?

To it *Bremo*, to it: say againe:

I cannot weeld my weapons in my hand,

Mee thinkes I should not strike so faire a one,

I thinke her beautie hath bewicht my force,

Or else within mee altered natures course:

Aie woman, wilt thou liue in woods with mee?

Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Bre. Thou shalt not choose, it shall be as I say,

And therefore follow mee.

Exeunt,

Enter Mucedorus solus.

Muc. It was my will an hower agoe and more,

As was my promise, for to make returne,

But other businesse hindred my pretence.

It is a world to see, when man appoynts,

And purposely one certaine thing decrees,

How many thinges may hinder his intent.

What one would wish, the same is farthest off:

But yet th'appoynted time cannot be past,

Nor

Of Macedorus.

Nor hath her presence yet preuented mee:
Well, heere Ile stay and expect her comming.

The cry within, Hold him, hold him.

Muc. Some one or other is pursued no doubt,
Perhaps some search for mee; tis good to doubt the worst.
Therefore Ile be gone.

*Cry within, Hold him, hold him: Enter Mousie
the Clowne with a Pot.*

Clo. Hold him, hold him, hold him: heere's a stirre in
deed: heere came Hew after the cryer, and I was set close
at mother Nips house, and there I cald for three pottes of
Ale, as tis the manner of vs Courtiers: now sirra, I had ta-
ken the mayden-head of two of them:
Now as I was lifting vp the thirde to my mouth, there
came Hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to
catch hold on; but I am sure I caught one, perchaunce a
may be in this Potte: well Ile see: Masse I cannot see him
yet: well, Ile looke a little further; masse he is a little slaue
if a be heere: why heeres no bodie, all this goes well yet:
But if the old Trot should come for her Pott; I marrie
theres the matter: But I care not, Ile face her out, and call
her old rustie, dustie, mustie, fustie, crustie fire-bran, and
worle then all that, and so face her out of her Potte: but
soft, heere she comes,

Enter the old Woman.

Old W. Come you knaue, where's my Pot you knaue?

Clo. Goe looke your Potte, come not to mee for your
Pott twere good for you.

Old W. Thou lyest thou knaue, thou hast my Pott. (say.

Clo. You lie an you say it; I your Pott: I know what Ile

The Comedie

Old W. VVhy what wilt thou say?

Clo. But say I haue him, and thou darst.

Old W. Why thou knaue, thou hast not onely my Pot,
But my drinke vnpaide for.

Clo. You lie like an old, I will not say whoore.

Old. Dost thou call me whoore? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clo. Cap me and thou darest.

Search me whether I haue it or no.

*She searcbeth him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and casteth
downe the Pot. she stumbleth at it: then they fall together
by the eares: she takes up her Pot, and goes out.*

Enter Segasto.

Seg. How now sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. Oh Flies Maister, Flies.

Seg. Flies, where are they?

Clo. Oh, heere Maister all about your face.

Seg. Why thou liest: I thinke thou art madd. (least,

Clo. Why maister, I haue killed a dung-cart full at the

Seg. Go to sirra, leauing this idle talke, giue eare to me.

Clo. How, giue you one of my eares?

Not and you were ten maisters,

Seg. Why sir, I bid you giue eare to my wordes.

Clo. I tell you, I will not be made a curtall for no mans
pleasure.

Seg. I tell thee, attend what I say:

Goe thy wayes straight and reare the whole towne.

Clo. How, reare the towne? euen goe your selfe, it is
more then I can doe: why doe you thinke I can reare a
towne, that can scarce reare a pot of Ale to my head?

I should reare a towne, should I not?

Seg. Goe to the Cunstable and make a priuie search,
For the Shepheard is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clo.

Of Mucedorus.

Clo. How, is the Shepheard run away with the Kinges Daughter, or is the Kinges Daughter run away with the Shepheard?

Seg. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clo. What a foole is shee to run away with the Shepheard: why, I thinke I am a litle handsomer man then the Shepheard my selfe: But tell me maister, must I make a priuie search, or search in the priuie?

Seg. Why, dost thou thinke they will be there?

Clo. I can not tell.

Seg. Well then, search euery where:

Leaue no place vnsearched for them,

Exit.

Clo. Oh, now am I in an office: now will I to that olde fire-brands house, & will not leaue one place vnsearched: Nay, Ile to the Ale-stand and drinke as long as I can stand, and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrell: and if I find him not there, He to the Cupbord, Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearched: y^e faith yee old crust, I will be with you now, *Exit.*

Enter Mucedorus to disguise himselfe.

Muc. Now *Mucedorus*, whither wilt thou goe?

Home to thy Father to thy natiue soyle,
Or try some long abode within these wooddes
Well, I will hence depart and hie mee home:
What hie mee home, sayd I? that may not bee,
In *Amadine* restes my felicitie.

Then *Mucedorus*, doe as thou didst decree,
Attire thee Hermet-like within these Groues:
VValke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make settles there, and seate thy selfe thereon,
And when thou feelest thy selfe to be athirst,
Then drinke a hartie draught to *Amadine*,

The Comedie

No doubt she thinkes on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habit, thou art fit for mee. *He disguiseth himselfe.*
No Shepheard now, a Hermite I must be:
Mee thinkes this fits mee very well:
Now must I learne to beare a walking-staffe,
And exercise some grauitie withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clo. Heeres through the woods, & through the woods
To looke out a Shepheard, and a stray Kings daughter:
But soft, who haue we heere? What art thou?

Muc. I am an Hermite.

Clo. An Emmet, I neuer saw such a bigge Emmet in all
my life before.

Muc. I tell you sir, I am an Hermite, one that leades a
solitarie life within these woodes.

Clo. O, I know thee now; thou art her that eates vp all
the Hips and Hawes: wee could not haue one peece of
fatt Bacon for thee all this yeere.

Mu. Thou dost mistake mee: but I pray thee tell me,
What dost thou seeke in these woods?

Clo. What doe I seeke? for a stray Kings daughter,
Runne away with a Shepheard.

Mu. A stray kings daughter run away with a Shepheard,
Wherefore, canst thou tell?

Clo. Yes that I can, tis this: my Maister and *Amadine*,
walking one day abroad, nearer to these woodes then
they were vsed (about what I cannot tell), but towarde
them comes running a great Beare: now my Maister hee
plaide the man and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after
him: now sir, comes me a Shepheard and strikes off the
Beares head: now whether the Beare were dead before
or no, I cannot tell, for bring twentie Beares before mee,
and

of *Mucedorus.*

and bind their hands and feet, and Ile kill them all:
Now euer since *Amadine* hath been in loue with the Shep-
heard, and for good-will thees euen run away with the
Shepheard.

Mu. What manner of man was a, canst discribe him
vnto mee?

Clo. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can: a was a
little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigg, wel-fauoured fellow:
a Ierken of white cloth, and buttons of the same cloath.

Mu. Thou describest him wel; but if I chance to see any
such, pray you where shal I find you, or whats your name?

Clo. My name is called *Maister Mouse*.

Muc. Oh, *M.* *Monsie*, I pray you, what office might
you beare in the Court?

Clo. Marrie sir, I am a *Rusher* of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, *Vther* of the Table.

Clo. Nay, I say *Rusher*, and I proue mine office good:
for looke sir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or so,
and a Dogge chaunce to blow his nose backward, then
with a whippe I giue him the good time of the day, and
strow *Rushes* presently: therefore I am a *Rusher*: a high
office I promise yee.

Muc. But where shall I find you in the Court?

Clo. VVhy where it is best beeing, either in the *Kit-
chin* a eating, or in the *Butterie* drinking: but if you come,
I will prouide for thee a peece of *Beefe* and *Brewis*
knockle deepe in fatte: pray you take paines, remember
Maister Mouse.

Exit.

Muc. Ay sir, I warrant, I will not forget you,
Ah *Amadine*, what should become of thee?
Whither shouldst thou go so long vnknowne?
With watch and ward each passage is beset:
So that she cannot long escape vnknowne:

E.

Double.

The Comedie

Doubtlesse she hath lost her selfe within these woodes,
And wandring to and fro she seekes the well,
Which yet she cannot find, therefore will I seeke her out,
Exit.

Enter Brems and Amadins.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his woodes?

Ama. As like the woodes of *Bremoes* crueltie,
Though I were dumbe and could not answer him,
The beastes themselues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy sauage and vnhumaine deedes.

Bre. My loue, why dost thou murmur to thy selfe?
Speake lowder: for thy *Bremo* heares thee not.

Ama. My *Bremo*, no the Shepheard is my loue.

Bre. Haue I not saued thee from sudden death,
Giuing thee leaue to liue, that thou mightst loue;
And dost thou whet me on to crueltie?

Come kisse me sweete, for all my fauours past,

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, and therefore pardon me.

Bre. See how shee flings away from me,
I will follow and giue attend to her.

Denie my loue a worme of beautie:

(blocke)

I will chastice thee, come, come, prepare thy head vpon the

Ama. O spare me *Bremo*, loue should limit life.

Not to be made a murderer of him selfe:

If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with blood,

Encounter with the Lion or the Beare,

And like a Wolfe pray not vpon a Lambe,

Bre. Why, then dost thou repine at me?

If thou wilt lone me, thou shalt be my Queene

I will crowne thee with a complet, made of Iuorie,

And make the Rose and Lillie waite on thee,

Ile rend the burley branches from the Oke,

To shadow thee from burning Sunne.

The

of Mucedorus.

The trees shall spread them selues where thou dost goe:
And as they spread, Ile trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou shalt be fed with Quailles and Partridges,
With Black-birds, Larkes, Thrushes, & Nightrigales:
Thy drinke shall be Goates milke, and christall Water,
Distilled from the Fountaines and the clearest Springs:
And all the dainties that the Woods afforde,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my loue
With all the pleasures that I can deuise,
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And lovingly imbrace thee in mine armes.

Ama. One may, so may not you.

(thee,

Bre. The Satires and the Wood-nimphs shal attend on
And lull thee a sleepe with musicks sound:
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing Good-morrow to my Queene:
And whilest he singes, Ile kisse my *Amadine*.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. When thou art vp, the Wood-lanes shal be strowed
With Violets, Cowslops, and sweete Marigolds
For thee to trample and to trace vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deare,
To chase the Hart, and how to rowse the Roc,
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour mee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Bre. Welcome sir, an hower ago I lookt for such a guest
Be merrie Wench, wee haue a frolicke feast:
Heere's flesh enough for to suffice vs both:
Stay sitra, wilt thou fight, or dost thou meane to die?

E 2.

Muc.

The Comedie

Mu. I want a weapon, how can I fight?

Bre. Thou wants a weapon, why the thou yeelfst to die

Mu. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.

Bre. Thou shalt not choofe, I long to see thee dead.

Ans. Yet spare him *Bremo*, spare him,

Bre. A way, I say I will not spare him,

Mu. Yet giue me leaue to speake,

Bre. Thou shalt not speake.

Ans. Yet giue him leaue to speake, for my sake,

Bre. Speake on but be not ouer-long.

Mu. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts,
Did lead their liues in loathsome celles and woodes,
And wholly gane themselues to witless will,
A rude vnruely rout: then man to man became
A present praie: then Might preuailed,
The weakeft went to walles,

Right was vnknowne, for Wrong was all in all:

As men thus liued in their great out-rage,

Behold one *Orpheus* came, as poets tell:

And them from rudenes vnto reason brought:

Who led by reason some forooke the woods,

In steede of Caues they built them Castles strong,

Citties and townes were founded by them then.

Glad were they, they found such ease,

And in the end they grew to perfect amitie,

Waying their former wickednesse,

They termde the time wherein they liued then,

A golden age, a goodly golden age.

Now *Bremo*, for so I heare thee called:

If men which liued tofore as thou doest now,

Wilie in wood, addicted all to spoile,

Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes:

Let me like *Orpheus*, cause thee to returne,

From

Of Mucedorus.

From murther, bloodshed, and like crueltie;
V What should we fight before we haue a cause?
No, lets liue, and loue together faithfullie;
Ile fight for thee.

Bre. Fight for mee or die; or fight, or else thou diest.

Ama. Hold *Bremo* hold.

Bre. Away I say, thou troublest mee.

Ama. You promised mee to make mee your Queene.

Bre. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. You promised that I should haue my will,

Bre. I did, I meane no lesse.

Am. Then saue this Hermits life, for he may saue vs both

Bre. At thy request Ile spare him, but neuer any after
him: say Hermet, what canst thou doe?

Muc. Ile waight on thee, sometime vpon thy Queene;
Such seruice shalt thou shortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter Segasto, the Clowne, and Rumbello.

Seg. Come sirs; what, shall I neuer haue you finde out
Amadine and the Shepheard?

Clo. And I haue bin through the woodes, and through
the woods, and could see nothing but an Emmet. (one,

Rum. Why I see a thousand Emmets: thou meanst a little

Clo. Nay, that Emmet that I saw was bigger then thou art.

Rum. Bigger then I, what a foole haue you to your man?
I pray you Maister, turne him away.

Seg. But dost thou heare, was he not a man?

Clo. Thinke he was, for he said he did lead a salt-sellers
life about the woods,

Seg. Thou wouldest say, a solitary life about the woods.

Clo. I thinke it was so in deed.

Rum. I thought what a foole thou art.

Clo. Thou art a wise man: why he did nothing but
sleep.

The Comedie.

leepe ſince he went.

Seg. But tell me *Mouse*; How did he goe?

Clo. In a white Gowne, and a white Hatt on his head;
And a Staffe in his hand.

Seg. I thought ſo; it was an Hermite that walked a ſolitarie life in the Woods.

Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue ſeeking,
Till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both;

Exit.

Clo. How now *Rombelo*, what ſhall we do now?

Rom. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleepe.

Clo. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rom. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhal neuer find them;
Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot find them,
Ile neuer come home againe.

Clo. I tell thee what *Rombelo*, thou ſhalt goe in at one
ende of the Wood, and I at the other, and we will meeete
both together in the miſt.

Rom. Content: lets away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. Vnknowne to any heere within theſe Woods,
With bloody *Bremo* doe I lead my life:
The monſter he doth murder all he meeetes,
Hee ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but onely I,
In ſuch a cruell cutthroats companie?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chooſe?
Ah ſillie ſoule, how oftentimes ſhe ſits
And ſighes, and cals, Come Shepheard come!
Sweete *Mucedorus* come and ſet mee free!
When *Mucedorus* preſent, ſtands her by:
But heere ſhe comes: What newes faire Lady,

As

Of Mucedorus.

As you walke these woods?

Enter Amadine,

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but badd,
And such as thou knowest,

Muc. How do you like your *Bremo*, and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods.

Muc. And why not yours? methinks he loues you wel,

Ama. I like him not, his loue to mee is nothing worth,

Muc. Lady, in this mee thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you best,

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleasure in his loue:
Neither yet doth *Bremo* like me best.

Muc. Pardon my boldnesse, faire Lady, sith we both
May safely talke now, out of *Bremoes* sight:
Vnfold to mee, if so you please, the full discourse
How, when, and why, you came into these Woods,
And fell into this bloody butchers hands?

Ans. Hermit I wil: of late a worthy Shepheard I did loue

Mu. A Shepheard, Lady, sure a man vnfit to match with

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had, (you,

Muc. Stay there, the Wilde man comes,
Refferre the rest vntill another time.

Enter Bremo,

(here?

Bre. What secret tale is this? what whispering haue we
Villaine, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muc. If needes I must, loe here it is againe.
When as we both had lost the sight of thee,
It griu'd vs both, but spacially thy Queene:
Who in thy absence euer feares the worst,
Least some mischance befall your royall grace,
Shall my sweete *Bremo* wander through the woodes,
Toyle to and fro for to redresse my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?

The Comedie

I like not this quoth shee :
And therevpon crau'd to know of mee
If I could teach her han'te weapons well.
My answere was, I had small skill therein,
But glad some mightie King to learne of thee:
And this was all,

Bre. Wast so, none can dislike of this,
He teach you both to fight: but first my Queene begin,
Heere take this weapon, see how thou canst vse it.

Anna. This is too big, I cannot weeld it in my arme,

Bre. Ist so? weele haue a knottie crab-tree staffe for thee,
But sirra tell me what saist thou?

Muc. With all my heart I willing am to learne. (it.

Bre. Then take my staffe, & see how thou canst weeld

Mu. First teach me how to hold it in my hand,

Bre. Thou hold'st it well, looke how he doth
Thou maist the sooner learne,

Mu. Next tell me how, and when tis best to strike,

Bre. Tis best to strike when time doth serue,
Tis best to loose no time,

Mu. Then now or neuer is my time to strike.

Bre. And when thou strik'st, be sure thou hit the head,

Mu. The head?

Bre. The very head.

Mu. Then haue at thine: *He strikes him down dead.*
So lie there and die, a death no doubt according to desert,
Or els a worse, as thou deseru'st a worse.

Anna. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to see,

Mu. Now Ladie, it remaines in you
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight,
You sayd you loued a Shepheard?

Anna. I so I do, and none but onely him,

And

of Mucedorus.

And will do still as long as life shall last.

Mu. But tell me Lady, sith I set you free,
What course of life do you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I haue found him our.

Mu. How if you find your shepheard in these woods?

Ama. Ah none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He disguiseth himselfe.

Mu. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, do you know your shepheard well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus*? hath he set me free?

Mu. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liued so long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

M. Ay thats a questiō wherof you may not be resolued,
You know that I am banisht from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my will is this, that we returne,
Right through the thicketts to the Wilde-mans caue,
And there a while liue on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past.
This is my counsell, and I thinke it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Mu. Come lets begone.

*The Clowne-searches and falls ouer the Wilde
man, and so carry him away.*

Clo. Nay soft sir, are you here: a bots on you,
I was like to be hanged for not finding you: (you:
We would borrow a certaine stray Kings daughter of
A wench, a wench sir, we would haue.

Mu. A wench of me? ile make thee eate my sword,

Clo. Oh Lord, nay & you are so lusty ile call a cooling
card for you: ho Maister Maister, come away quickly.

F,

Enter.

The Comedie

Enter Segasto,

Seg. Whats the matter?

Clo: Looke maister, *Amadine* & the Shepheard; oh braue,

Seg. What minion, haue I found you out?

Clo. Nay thats a lie, I found her out my selfe,

Seg. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou to
gadd a broader?

When as thou knowest our wedding day so nie?

Amn. Not so *Segasto*, no such thing in hand,

Shew your assurance, then Ile answere you,

Seg. Thy fathers promise my assurance is,

Amn. But what he promist he hath not performde,

Seg. It restes in thee for to performe the same,

Amn. Not I.

Seg. And why?

Amn. So is my will, and therefore euen so.

Clo. Maister, with a none, none, noe.

Seg. A wicked villant art thou heere?

Mu. What needes theese wordes? we waigh them not,

Seg. We waigh them not proud Shepheard, I skorne
thy companie.

Clo. Weele not haue a corner of thy companie.

Mu. I skorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.

Clo. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pug-
nondo.

Seg. This stoutnesse *Amadine*, contens me not.

Amn. Then seeke a nother that may you better please,

Mu. Well *Amadine*, it onely restes in thee,

With out delay to makethy choyce of three :

There standes *Segasto*, heere a Shepheard standes:

There standes the third, now make thy choyce,

Clo.

of *Mucedorus*.

Clo. A Lord at the least I am,

Ans. My choyce is made, for I will none but thee,

Seg. A worthie mate, no doubt for such a wife.

Mu. And *Amadme*, why, wilt thou none but mee?

I can not keepe thee as thy father did,

I haue no landes for to maintaine thy state,

Moreouer, if thou meane to be my wife,

Commonly this must be thy vse,

To bed at midnight, vp at foure :

Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,

Whereby our dayly vittall for to winne :

And last of all, which is the worst of all,

No Princeesse then, but plaine, a Shepheards wife.

Clo. Then God gee you goodmorrow goody Shepheard.

Ans. It shall not need, if *Amadme* do liue,

Thou shalt be crowned King of *Arragon*.

Clo. On Maister laugh, when hee's King, then Ile be
a Queene.

Muc. Then know that, which nere tofore was knowne

I am no Shepheard, no *Arragonian* I,

But borne of Royall blood: my father's of *Valentia* Kings,

My Mother Queene: who for thy sacred sake,

Tooke this hard talke in hand.

Ans. Ah how I ioy, my fortune is so good.

Seg. Well, now I see *Segasto* shall not speed:

But *Mucedorus*, I as much do ioy

To see thee heere within our Court of *Arragon*,

As if a Kingdome had befallne mee this time :

I with my hart surrender her to thee,

Exit giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadme* I haue.

Clo. What baines doore, and borne where my father

The Comedie

was Constable, a bors on thee : how dost thee?

Mu. I thanks *Segasto*, but yet you leueld at the crowne,

Clo. Maister beare this, and beare all.

Seg. Why so sir?

Clo. He sees you take a Goose by the crowne.

Seg. Go to sir, away, post you to the King,
Whose heart is fraught with carefull doubtcs,
Glad him vp, and tell him these good newes,
And we will followe as fast as we may.

Clo. I go maister, I runne maister,

Exeunt.

Enter the King and Collen.

King. Breake hart and end my paled woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life,
How can I ioy except she were in sight?
Her absence breeds sorrowe to my soule,
And with a thunder, breakes my heart in twaine.

Col. Forbeare those passions gentle King
And you shall see twill turne vnto the best,
And bring your soule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I do assure me that,
And nought but death, vnlesse of her I heare,
And that with speede, I cannot sigh thus long :
But what a tumult do I heare within.

They crye within ioy and happinesse.

Col. I heare a noise of ouer-pasing ioy
Within the Court : my Lord be of good comfort,
And heere comes one in haste.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clo. A King, a King, a King,

Col. Why how now sirra, whats the matter?

Clo. O tis newes for a King, tis worth money,

Ki. Why sirra, thou shalt haue siluer & gold if it be good.

Clo.

Of Mucedorus.

Clo. O tis good, tis good : *Amadine.*

Ki. O what of her, tell me? & I will make thee a knight.

Clo. How, a sprit? no by Ladie, I wil not be a sprit: Masters get you away, if I be a sprit, I shall be to leane, I shall make you all afraide,

Col. Thou for, the K. meanes to make thee a gentleman

Clo. Why I shall want parrell.

Kin. Thou shalt want for nothing.

Clo. Then stand away; strike vp thy selfe, here they come

Enter Segasto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious father, pardon thy disloyal daughter.

Ki. What, do mine eyes behold my daughter *Amadine*?
Rise vp deare daughter, and let these my imbrasing armes
Shew some token of thy fathers ioy,

Which euer since thy departure hath languished in sorrow

Ama. Deare Father, neuer were your sorrowes
Greater then my griefes :

Neuer you so desolate, as I comfortlesse:

Yet neuerthelesse acknowledging my selfe

To be the cause of both ; on bended knees

I humbly craue your pardon.

Kin. Ile pardon thee deare daughter : but as for him,

Ama. Ah Father, what of him?

Kin. As sure as I am King, and weare the Crowne,
I will reuenge on that accursed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthie Prince, worke not thy will in wrath,
Shew fauour.

Kin. I, such fauour as thou deseruest.

Muc. I do deserue the daughter of a King.

Kin. Oh impudent ; a Shepheard and, so insolent,

Muc. No Shepheard I, but a worthie Prince.

Kin. In faire conceit, not princely borne.

The Comedie

Mu. Yes Princely borne, my father is a King,
My mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.

Kim. What *Mucedorus*? Welcome to our Court,
What cause hadst thou to come to me disguise?

Muc. No cause to feare, I caused no offence,
But this, desiring thy Daughters vertues for to see,
Disguise my selfe from out my fathers Court,
Vnknowne to anie, in secret I did rest:
And passed many troubles neere to death:
So hath your Daughter my partaker been,
As you shall know hereafter more at large,
Desiring you, you will giue her to mee,
Euen as mine owne, and soueraigne of my life:
Then shall I thinke my trauels are well spent.

Kim. With all my hart: but this,
Segasto claymes my promise made tofore,
That hee should haue her as his onely wife,
Before my Countell, when we came from warre,
Segasto, may I craue thee let it passe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?

Seg. With all my hart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furnish vp their rites,
With pleasing sports and pastimes; You shall see.

Kim. Thanks good *Segasto*, I will thinke of this.

Muc. Thankes good my Lord, and while I liue,
Account of mee in what I can or may.

Ama. And good *Segasto*, these great curtesies,
Shall not be forgot,

Co. Why harken you Maister: bones, what haue you
done? What giuen away the Wenche, you made me take
such paines for? you are wise indeed: masse and I had
knowne of that, I would haue had her my selfe: faith mai-
ster now we may goe to breakfast with a Woodcock-pie.

Seg.

Of Mucedorus.

See, Goe sir, you were best leaue this knauery,

King. Come on my Lords, lets now to Court,
Where we may finish vp the ioyfullest day
That euer hapt to a distressed King,
With mirth and ioy, and great toleminie,
Weele finish vp these *Hymens* rights most pleasantly.

Clo. Hoe Lordes at the first, I am one too: but heere
maister, King by your leaue a cast, now you haue done
with them, I pray you begin with mee.

Kl. Why what wouldst thou haue?

Clo. O you forgot now a little apparell to makes
handsome, what should Lords go so beggerly as I doe?

Kn. What I did promise thee, I will performe: attend
on me; come lets depart.

They all speake.

Weele waite on you with all our hearts.

Clo. And with a peece of my liuer too.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Comedy and Envy.

Com. How now *Envy*, what blushest thou already,
Peepst forth, hide not thy head with shame,
But with a courage praise a womans deedes,
Thy threates were vaine, thou couldst do me no hurt:
Although thou seemest to crosse me with despite,
I ouerwhelme, and turned vpside downe thy blockes,
And make thy selfe to stumble at the same.

En. Though stumbled, yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canst not draw my heart to mildnesse,
Yet must I needes confesse thou hast done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleasant glie:
Say all this, yet canst thou not conquer mee,
Although this time thou hast got,

The Comedie

Yet not the conquest neither,
A double reuenge another time Ile haue.

Com. Then caitife curled, stoope vpon thy knee,
Yeld to King *James*, though not to meet:
And pray wee both together with our heartes,
That hee thise *Nesters* yecres may with vs rest:
And from his foes, high God, defend him still,
That they against him, may neuer worke their will.

En. *Ennie*, were hee neuer so stoute,
Would becke and bow vnto his Maiestie.
Indeed *Comedie*, thou hast ouer-run me now,
And forst mee stoope vnto a Worthies Sway.
God graunt his Grace amongst vs long may raigne:
And those that would not haue it so,
Would that by *Ennie*, soone their harts they might forgo.

C. m. The Counsell, Nobles, and this Realme,
Lord guide it still with thy most holy hand:
The Commons and the Subiectes graunt them grace,
Their Prince to serue, him to obay, and treason to deface,
Long may he raigne in ioy and great felicitie,
Each Christian heart do say Amen with mee,

Exeunt.

FINIS.

